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CELEBRATION

OF THE

TWO-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

INCORPORATION OF MIDDLEBOROUGH,

MASSACHUSETTS,

OCTOBER 13, 1869.

INCLUDING THE

ORATION OF HON. THOMAS RUSSELL, ADDRESS BY HIS HONOR, MAYOR SHURTLEFF, OF BOSTON, AND THE OTHER EXERCISES OF THE OCCASION.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

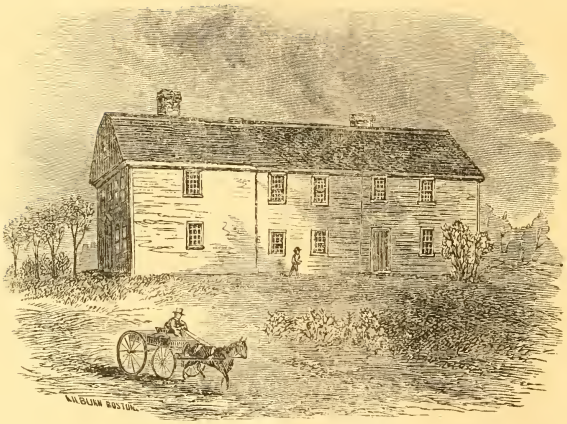
Published by request of the Committee of Arrangements.

GAZETTE OFFICE, MIDDLEBOROUGH.
1870.

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.
ACCESSIONS.

SHELF NO.

Given
In memory of
Clarence Twichell.



"THE OLD MORTON HOUSE."

Middleboro, Mass.
11

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At a meeting of the Committee of Arrangements held this day, it was

Voted, That the thanks of the Committee be presented to Hon. Thomas Russell for his eloquent oration delivered on the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Middleborough, and that he be respectfully requested to furnish us a copy for publication.

GEORGE SOULE, Chairman.

S. H. Sylvester, Secretary.
Oct. 19, 1869.

A committee, consisting of William H. Wood, Joseph E. Beals and James M. Coombs, was chosen to communicate the above and superintend the publication of the oration.

JUDGE RUSSELL'S REPLY.

Boston, Dec. 21, 1869.

Dear Judge, — I have written from memory a poor sketch of my address at Middleborough. It contains a few sentences which I have spoken elsewhere, but which were needed to complete my views on the subject discussed. I congratulate you on the great success of your celebration, and am, with great respect,

Yours truly,

THOMAS RUSSELL.

Hon. Wm. H. Wood.

INTRODUCTORY.

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

At a meeting of the citizens of Middleborough held, in pursuance of a public call, at Soule's Hall, on the 10th of September, and continued by adjournment to the 17th, it was determined to have a celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town, by a procession, oration and dinner; and the following named gentlemen were chosen a Committee of Arrangements.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

CHAIRMAN.

GEORGE SOULE.

James H. Harlow,	John B. LeBaron,
Henry H. Shaw,	Andrew L. Tinkham,
George H. Doane,	Martin P. Standish,
Calvin D. Kingman,	L. D. Munroe,
A. B. Sanford,	James M. Coombs,
Dr. E. W. Drake,	B. F. Tripp,
James E. Peirce,	James Cole, Jr.,
Ivory H. Harlow,	George Brayton.
W. L. Brown,	
C. B. Wood, Treasurer.	S. H. Sylvester, Secretary.

At a town meeting held September 6th, 1869, the town voted to choose a committee to cooperate with the committee of the citizens in the proposed celebration, and chose as that committee the selectmen, viz.:

Joseph T. Wood, Thomas Smith, Lewis Leonard.

Also the town clerk, C. B. Wood,
Z. Pratt, Stillman Benson, George M. Leach.

The town also voted at the same meeting to extend an invitation to the town of Lakeville to join in the celebration.

The committee, and especially their chairman, are entitled to much credit for the zeal and energy with which they immediately

entered on their labor, perfecting their plans, raising money by voluntary subscriptions, and carrying forward their work to a successful issue.

Wednesday, the 13th of October, was fixed as the day for the celebration. Hon. Thomas Russell, of Boston, was invited to give the oration, and accepted the invitation. Gov. Claflin, his council and staff, and other state officials, Mayor Shurtleff, of Boston, and others, to the number of about three hundred, were especially invited to be present, very many of whom at once accepted the invitation. A circular was also issued by the chairman of the executive committee, calling upon all the sons and daughters of old Middleborough, wherever they might be, to return once more to the old homestead, and join in the festivities of the day. The committee appointed

WILLIAM H. WOOD, President of the day.
Rev. S. G. DODD, of the C. C. Society, Chaplain.
CALVIN D. KINGMAN, Esq., Toast Master.
Capt. GEORGE H. SHAW, Chief Marshal.

The Marshal selected for his aids

Joshua Sherman,	George W. Rich,
Henry H. Shaw,	A. B. Sanford,
Charles H. Tobey,	Louis K. Harlow.

H. W. Durfee.

Yale's mammoth tent, 205 feet by 85, was engaged, and was located on the vacant lot of Philander Washburn & Brother, on the corner of Centre and Pearl streets. This was divided by a canvas partition, one part of which was devoted to the public exercises of the day, and in the other the dining tables were spread.

Arrangements were made with Thomas Cook, of Boston, to provide a dinner for one thousand persons, and Mr. Cook performed his contract in a manner very satisfactory to the committee and their guests.

On Tuesday, people from abroad began to gather in town, and on Tuesday evening, the weather being very beautiful, our central village presented a very gay and animated appearance. Col. Beals & Son, the decorators, of Boston, had been in town some days, and many public and private buildings bore evidence of their taste and skill. The North Bridgewater Band, stationed near the Post Office, attracted crowds of people by its fine music. The hotel

was full, and many private houses, of those who had come from abroad to engage in this home gathering.

The morning of Wednesday opened with dark clouds rolling up from the east, with flashes of lightning, and all the portents of a stormy day; but although the rain was falling copiously around us, only occasional slight showers visited us until afternoon, and the programme for the day was fully and successfully carried out. The exercises commenced with the firing of guns and the ringing of bells, and soon the military and civic organizations from other towns began to arrive. The Nemasket House, P. E. Penniman, Proprietor, had been designated as the place for receiving our invited guests, which on the arrival of the cars, bringing the orator of the day, His Honor Mayor Shurtleff, and others, was filled to overflowing.

THE PROCESSION.

The procession was formed at the firing of the gun, on School and Peirce streets, its right resting on Centre street. It moved promptly at 10½ o'clock, in the following order, after receiving the distinguished guests of the day.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

State Police.
Chief Marshal.
Aid. Aid.
Middleborough Cornet Band, C. M. Vaughn, Drum Major.
Company L, Carver, Capt. Griffith.
Company M, Plymouth, Capt. Drew.
President of the day.
Orator and Chaplain.
Invited Guests.

II DIVISION.

Marshal.
Aid. Aid.
Joppa Band.
Company A, Halifax, Capt. Bonney.
Post No. 13, G. A. R., G. W. Leach, Commander.
Post 8, G. A. R., L. D. Monroe, Commander.

III DIVISION.

Marshal.
Aid. Aid.
New Bedford Brass Band.
Sutton Encampment, A. H. W. Carpenter, Commander.
Mayflower Lodge, A. B. Bosworth, W. M.
Miles Standish Company, A. J. Pickens, Captain.

IV DIVISION.

Marshal.

Aid. Aid.

North Bridgewater Band.

Bay State Engine Co., J. H. Weston, Captain.

Indian Company, B. L. Boomer, Chief.

Schools of Ancient and Modern Times.

Antiques.

Cavalcade of Ladies.

Cavalcade of Gentlemen.

Town Officers of Middleborough.

Town Officers of Lakeville.

Citizens in Carriages.

The procession moved down Main street to the Star Mills, through Montello to North street, from North to School, from School to Peirce, to Pearl, to Centre, to Oak, to Courtland, to Main street, thence around the Morton House to Main, thence to Centre street, to the tent, where the dinner was spread and the oration was delivered. The route of the procession was about four miles in length.

The committee desire especially to acknowledge their obligation to B. M. C. Durfee, Esq., of Fall River, for his splendid four-in-hand English carriage, footman and driver, which he so generously tendered for the occasion. This carriage contained the Orator, President, and Chaplain of the day, and Mayor Shurtleff, of Boston. Other invited guests followed in carriages. Many of the carriages were voluntarily furnished by citizens of the town. The military escort was 120 strong.

The Knights Templar, of New Bedford, Sutton Encampment, in full regalia, attracted much attention.

In the Miles Standish company, E. B. Thompson, of Halifax, carried the old gun with which the Indian was shot in King Philip's war. His ancestor of the sixth generation, Lieut. John Thompson, commanded the fort which contained sixteen men and their families, and the gun belonged to him. The piece has a barrel six feet and one inch long, with a curious looking but, and has been fired within a year. The distance at which it shot the Indian was 155 rods, or nearly half a mile, — a chance shot, probably.

The captain of the Miles Standish company, A. J. Pickens, was attired in a costume like that of the renowned Standish, and carried a sword and pistol that belonged to Lieut. John Thompson of

old. Two ancient halberds were carried by J. D. Drew and J. Z. T. Thompson, of Halifax.

The Indian company under Mr. Boomer as chief was a marked feature of the procession, their color, costume and attitudes being such, that King Philip himself might have mistaken them for one of his own warlike bands.

That part of the procession put down in the programme as the *antiques*, excited much interest. Here was the school of olden time, twenty children in ancient costume, with the pedagogue flourishing his cudgel, in a wagon drawn by oxen; and close by, two wagons drawn by horses, containing about twenty pupils each, representing the improved school of modern times; one with Miss Mary L. Tinkham as teacher of the primary department, the other with Miss Harriet C. Barden as teacher of the higher department. Here also was the ancient and indestructible "one-horse shay,"—the old doctor on horseback, with saddle-bags, — two couples on horseback, the ladies behind on pillions, — a cavalcade of ladies, etc., etc. The costumes were very ancient; some were more than two hundred years old.

The procession, which was about half a mile long, was received with much enthusiasm throughout its entire route, manifested by the crowds of people, men, women and children, lining the streets, the display of flags and other decorations, the waving of handkerchiefs from windows and balconies, and other manifestations of delight.

DECORATIONS.

The Nemasket House, P. E. Penniman proprietor, the point from which the procession started, was gaily trimmed with tricolors on the large pillars in front and purple hangings on the balcony, and the motto, "1669. Welcome to Middleborough. 1869."

Flags were suspended across the street to the large edifice occupied by Leonard & Barrows, shoe manufacturers, and by the stores of C. H. Carpenter and A. G. Alden. On the front of this edifice were the inscriptions: "The Day we Celebrate." "Justice."

Further on, the residence of Major Tucker and Prof. J. W. P. Jenks was arrayed in bunting, etc., and the store, owned and occupied by Peirce Brothers, was well decorated, and bore the motto, "Let Brotherly Love Continue." The commanding residence of the brothers, Messrs. Job C., Thomas S. and William Peirce, opposite, was also decorated.

The house of Henry H. Shaw, of Shaw & Co.'s Express, was handsomely decorated. Also the house of Richard B. Holmes.

At this point, at some distance on the right, flags were seen flying on the site of the old garrison house, and on Tispaquin rock. (These points are referred to in Judge Russell's oration.)

Near here, too, is the old Barrows house, the homestead of the Barrows family, now occupied by Miss Lois Barrows. On one end of the building the clapboards have been taken off, and a hole about six inches square appears. The walls of the building are planked with two live-oak boards, each an inch thick. This house has been supposed to be so built with port-holes for defence in the Indian war.

The residence of George Brayton was richly decorated with flags. Many houses in the vicinity of the Star Mills were decorated. The dwelling-house of Mr. Toole, on North street, bore the green flag of Erin and the stars and stripes. The house of W. H. Vaughan attracted marked attention, some four cartloads of yellow pumpkins adorning his piazzas. On School street, the school-house bore

the motto, "Our Common Schools the Basis of New England Institutions." The house of Bay State Engine Co., and headquarters of the Middleborough Cornet Band, was elegantly decorated.

On Pearl street, the houses of S. H. Sylvester, George W. Taylor, Peter Washburn, J. H. Case, A. G. Alden, and Samuel Williams, were very appropriately decorated.

Probably the most elaborate exhibition of the day was gotten up at the house of Mrs. Jane King, on Oak street. On one side of the piazza was represented an ancient family. First sat Mrs. Strobridge, 78 years old, spinning flax on an old flax-wheel, the property of a very old lady of this town, Mrs. Thomas. Next her was a small round table, such as was commonly used in families in those times, on which was displayed several pewter plates, part of a *very* ancient set of china, tea-caddy, and a small earthen-ware tea-pot, just large enough to hold *one* cup of tea. This tea-pot was brought from England by an ancestor of Mrs. King, a Mr. Peckham, one of the first settlers of Newport, R. I., and is over two hundred years old. Next this table sat Mrs. King, 79 years old, carding wool into rolls for spinning, on hand cards more than a century old. Next beyond her was a very ancient light stand, on which was a large volume of Flavel's Sermons, and a Dictionary, the author unknown, as the title page is gone; but both books must be at least a hundred and fifty years old. Next sat Miss E. P. King, dressed in the costume of nearly two centuries ago, weaving tape by hand, as was then customary in all families. Last, running around, was a little grandchild of Mrs. King, three years old, dressed in a child's dress made in England as much as one hundred years ago, of a kind of cloth called rattinet; over her neck was pinned a linen handkerchief, checked blue and white, made of flax spun and woven by some of the King ancestry. The other side of the piazza represented a modern sitting-room, where, in a large nice rocking-chair, sat Miss S. A. King by the side of a marble-topped table, at work on a piece of worsted embroidery, and at the same time entertaining several lady callers. Over the ancient side was placed the name of the Governor of Plymouth Colony, "Prence, 1669." Over the modern side was the name of the present Governor of Massachusetts, "Claflin. 1869."

The house of George Soule, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, on Oak street, was tastefully decorated with flags and

streamers, with the dates "1669, 1869." The house of Joseph E. Beals was decorated with flags.

On Courtland street are the Bay State Straw Works of Albert Alden, upon which a lavish hand had been laid. "Loyalty and Industry" were the mottoes. Mr. Alden's house, on Main street, was also decorated, and James Peirce's, W. Bourne Wood's, I. H. Harlow's, J. T. Wood's, J. M. Pickens', and the old Morton House was designated by a flag and motto. The house of W. S. Andrews was tastefully decorated, with the inscription, "They sowed and we reap," — also the houses of Sidney Tucker, Foster Harlow, James H. Harlow, A. B. Sanford. Across the street here were thrown several flags and streamers.

The building occupied by George Soule, furniture dealer, with a hall overhead occupied by the Sons of Temperance and the St. Crispins, among its decorations bore the inscriptions, "Love, Purity, Fidelity," "K. O. S. C. 191." Masonic Hall adjoining, in which are Judge W. H. Wood's law office, G. H. Doane's hardware and cutlery store, and J. B. & J. Shaw, apothecaries and fancy goods dealers, was elegantly trimmed with purple velvet hangings and tricolors, and bore the words, "Hope, Faith, and Charity," and the insignia of Freemasonry.

American Hall Building, occupied by the millinery rooms of S. F. Barrows, by George Waterman, grocer, and by Dr. Leach, D. D. S., was finely trimmed, with the words, "Middleborough, 1669. Bi-Centennial."

M. Toole's store, and Bennett & Thompson's grocery, corner of Main and Water streets, were decorated.

On Centre street, the building which contains the headquarters of Post 8, G. A. R., up stairs, and the store of A. H. W. Carpenter, merchant tailor, was, handsomely decorated, and flags were suspended over the street to the decorated edifice occupied by the store of B. F. Tripp, and by A. L. Tinkham, the postmaster of Middleborough.

S. H. Sylvester, the hair-dresser, Secretary of the Committee, had his saloon finely decorated, and upon the front was the inscription, "Patient in labor, submissive to law, regardful of right, faithful to liberty."

The spacious residence of George Waterman, opposite the high school, was neatly decorated.

HON. W. H. WOOD'S ADDRESS.

The procession reached the tent soon after twelve o'clock, and after the large audience had become seated, and music by one of the bands, the President of the day delivered his address of welcome.

Fellow Citizens:

Ladies and Gentlemen, — Assembled as we are to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of our existence as a town, in the name and in behalf of the town of Middleborough I extend to you all a cordial welcome to the festivities of the occasion. To our fellow-citizens, ladies and gentlemen, who have left their accustomed avocations to come up to this gathering, we give a welcome. To the sons and daughters of Middleborough, who, having gone out from us in other years, to-day return to join us in this family gathering, to revisit the scenes of their earlier days, we extend our hand in congratulation and fraternal regard. We trust that as you have again visited these old familiar streets, which bring up visions of the past, that though your thoughts will be tinged with sadness as you notice the changes which time has wrought, as memory brings up "the distant and the dead," yet you rejoice with us to-day at the manifest signs of prosperity which still attend our native town. And to those who, not natives or descendants of Middleborough, have come to aid us by their presence and sympathy, we give a cordial welcome. Particularly do we gratefully acknowledge our obligations to those military and civic organizations who by their presence are contributing so much to the pleasures of the day.

Our thoughts today revert to the past. In imagination we roll back the centuries, and stand here at Nemasket as it existed two hundred years ago. Indeed, we get a slight glimpse of this town two hundred and fifty years ago, before even the Mayflower had cast anchor in yonder bay, when upon that afternoon in spring, or early summer, Captain Dermer and his guide Squanto entered this

Indian settlement. With the exception of the French captive whom they found here, his was the first white man's foot which ever trod this soil. Here was the Indians' home. Here in the simplicity of forest life, they had lived and died for centuries. Here the great Massasoit, the early and constant friend of the pilgrims, was accustomed to resort in Summer, and here appear to have been the royal hunting and fishing grounds. Since that day how great the change. Our little lakes were glittering in the sunlight then as now; our Nemasket, through pathless deserts, was flowing on towards the sea. The same skies were overhead, but all else how changed!

Who have wrought these changes? It is very little that our own hands have wrought. Our fathers labored, and we have entered into their labors. They opened up the forests, they cleared and cultivated these fields, they planted the church, the school-house, our free institutions. The immediate descendants of the pilgrims; theirs were the stern, heroic virtues which enabled them to remove all obstacles however formidable, and to lay the foundations of towns and states. They sowed in darkness and in tears, we reap in light and joy. Theirs was a faith that could remove mountains, because it led to heroic action.

It is well, then, on stated occasions, to commemorate the virtues of our fathers; their heroic, manly courage, their persistent adherence to truth, following wherever that might lead them; for it was an adopted principle of action with them that they would not be "tied on Tuesday morning to maintain the tenets of Monday night, if a new discovery intervened."

Nor should we altogether overlook their errors; for their characters were such as can endure scrutiny, and it is from the failures of men as well as from their success that we learn wisdom. But be careful how you censure them; for it is a maxim of our free institutions that a man shall be judged by his peers, and perchance many that cavil, when tried by this standard, have no right to sit in judgment upon them. They walked by an inner light, and only those who are in some measure favored by such a light can appreciate their character.

Once more, ladies and gentlemen, I bid you welcome. Let this day be sacred to the memory of the past, and may its associations link us more strongly with our native town. To most of us this is consecrated ground; a father's, a mother's dust is mingled with the

soil. How often has it been moistened by the tears of affection! May we all unite in the aspiration, that as "God was with our fathers so may he be with us," and with those who come after us through all future time.

The President then introduced Rev. S. G. Dodd, of the Central Congregational church, the Chaplain of the day, who offered prayer, a band of children from Miss M. L. Tinkham's school joining with him at the close in repeating the Lord's prayer. The centennial hymn was then sung by a select choir, under the leadership of A. J. Pickens. At its conclusion, the Star Spangled Banner was performed by the Middleborough Cornet Band, and then Judge Russell, being introduced, delivered the following oration.

ORATION OF HON. THOMAS RUSSELL.

The sons and daughters of old Middleborough have done well to leave their pleasant homes around this spot, and those distant homes to which New England enterprise has borne them, gathering here to repeat the names and traditions of their fathers, and to trace the steps by which they reared this goodly town and helped to build this fair state and this noble country. Descended from your ancestors, with the same blood in my veins that flows in yours, I could not refuse to join in this great holiday of my kinsmen.

Although the incorporation of this town was delayed till June 1, 1669, the spot had long been known to Europeans. Here came Captain Dermer in 1619, and ransomed a captive Frenchman, who some years since had been shipwrecked on Cape Cod. And here he left Squanto or Tisquantum, kidnapped years before by the treacherous Capt. Hunt, sold into slavery to Spaniards, and set free by a Spanish monk. Wonderful are the ways of Providence. Had our pilgrim fathers asked one earthly blessing, it would have been that they should find here a friendly Indian able to interpret between them and his race. This great need was supplied by the crime of Hunt — the wrath of man praising God; by the humanity of the Spanish monk, who little knew what church he was helping to build up; by the kindness of Ferdinando Gorges, who ordered the restoration of the exile, and by the energy of Captain Dermer, who carried out that order.

In 1621, Plymouth Colony sent an embassy to Massasoit, — Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins, who were plentifully fed at Nemasket, and who spent the night at Titicut, where they ate abundance of bass; for then, as now, Taunton Great

River and its head waters were prolific of fish, although not as yet fruitful of legislation. On their return, weary and hungry, the messengers were once more refreshed at Titicut and Nemasket. Later still, Winslow and Hampden visiting Massasoit in his illness, and ministering to his needs, found food and comfort in their old resting places. You can show us the old wading-place below the mill, the Indian weir, the fording-place at Raynham, where two venerable Indians, armed with bows and arrows, made a show of opposing the passage of the stream. These spots are memorable in history. The journeys were short, their events were simple, but when we think of the first as confirming the friendship of Massasoit, and of the second as prolonging his life, we know of no embassy in ancient or modern times that has had more influence on the destinies of the world.

Between these excursions came the memorable expedition of Standish, which has been so vividly brought before our eyes today. Corbitant, a rebel against his King, and an enemy of the whites, sought to ruin both. The faithful Hobbomock and Squanto hasten to Nemasket to watch the traitor. After a violent scene, Hobbomock escapes to Plymouth, and Capt. Standish is sent at once to Nemasket. With little bloodshed, and without the loss of life, the rebellion is put down. There is little pomp or show in the affair. Historians differ as to whether the army consisted of ten or of fourteen. But in its results, that day's adventure of a dozen pilgrims may have been as important as the grand march of Sherman from the mountains to the sea.

The settlement of Nemasket was long delayed by the numbers of Indians living here. This was the dwelling-place of more than one great chief, and the fishing-place of others. Even now the thickly peopled graveyards show something of their numbers. It is said that for many years after the settlement of the town, the proportion of Indians to whites was as five to one. It is well known that the aborigines selected the best situations for their settlements. But the true son of

Middleborough, whether born at the "Corners," in Nemasket, or among the fertile fields of Titicut, or beyond your present limits, in the lake country, whether he lives by the river or the pond, needs neither Indian taste nor Indian tradition to teach him that for him the fairest spot on earth is his own sweet home. The ancient fertility of this region was well known to the early settlers at Plymouth. Again and again the fruitful fields of Nemasket supplied the hungry pilgrims, and but for these rich supplies it seems that the little band must have perished of hunger. No, I am wrong. It was decreed that they should not perish, and if need had been, a flight of quails, a shower of manna would, as of old, have preserved the lives of God's people in the wilderness.

In 1662 was made the first great purchase from Wampetuck by "the 26 men." Among them are many familiar names of the first settlers, or of their immediate descendants, such as Howland, Mullens, Soule, Sprague, Cook, William Brewster, son of the famous Elder, and Peter Brown, ancestor of the famous John Brown. It will interest some of you to know that John Brown took great pride in his pilgrim origin, and that his last evening in Boston was spent in the Old South chapel, at a meeting in behalf of the Memorial church at Southwark. The ancestor and the descendant were both fanatics, but God makes great use of fanatics in advancing his reign on earth.

Additional purchases were made of Tispaquin and others, and the town grew till it contained thirty families. These are the names of the first settlers: John Thompson, Isaac Howland, Francis Coombs, Samuel Fuller, John Morton, Moses Simmons, Samuel Barrows, Samuel Eaton, Francis Billington, George Soule, Nathaniel Southworth, Ephraim Tinkham, Henry Wood, William Nelson, David Thomas, John Cobb, Jabez Warren, Edward Bump, Samuel Eddy, Samuel Pratt, George Vaughan, John Shaw, Jacob Thompson, Francis Miller, John Howland, John Alden. Those names are here still. They are all around me. Many of these men

till the same farms that their fathers tilled. All of them, so far as I know, walk in the same ways in which their fathers trod.

The first deputy to the General Court was John Morton, a son of George Morton, who came over in the ship Ann. Traditions differ as to the fact whether the venerable house which we have admired today, and which is still held by a descendant of Morton, was the first which he built, or whether his first house was half a mile to the south. For one, I cannot believe that any dwelling-house in Middleborough remained through 1675 and 1676. And I believe that the coals and dust, which may still be seen, are the only relics of Morton's first house. For now the clouds of war darkened all the sky. The terrible year 1675 had come. This town was the scene of its first great event. Sausaman, a convert of Eliot, said to have been for a time a student at Harvard College, became secretary to King Philip, and revealed his designs. In revenge, he was murdered by three Indians on the shores of Assawampset lake, and his body was hidden under the ice. But the waters refused to conceal the crime, and the murderers were tried and executed at Plymouth. What a scene, if we could reproduce that court; the jury half whites, half Indians; the judge pronouncing a sentence which was to thrill the new world as few state trials have ever thrilled the old world. Then we should like to see the old meeting-house at Taunton, where Philip and his friends occupied one side, while the other was filled by the commissioners of the colonies, with their armed guard. Then, if we could restore the "Morton house" and that other block-house to their old proportions, and fill them with trembling fugitives, and place a marksman at each port-hole, watching, waiting for the attack that might come at any minute, — if we could do this, we should begin to feel what the days of our fathers really were. It has been said that there was no romance in that time. If danger braved, and hardship borne, and horrors seen and unseen, defied by faith, — if these are full of romance, of poetry,

of sublimity, then did our fathers live in an heroic age, and live like true heroes.

The storm of war burst upon Swanzey. On a quiet Sabbath morning an attack was made, and it was renewed until the town was consumed, and many of the people were slain. Next, Dartmouth is in flames. The peaceful lives of its Quaker inhabitants could not save them from cruel tortures. Middleborough is assailed. The men, women and children flee to the garrison house. The miller hangs up his leather apron as a mark to be riddled by balls, and makes good his escape. An Indian appears on the rock across the river, and taunts the whites with insulting gestures, until Isaac Howland borrows Sergeant Thompson's long gun, and fires at the long range of a hundred and fifty rods. Then, in the language of your honored President's father, "the insulting savage fell as did that heathen giant who defied the armies of the living God." It is a good thing that you have preserved this relic, and it was a good sight to see it borne today by a descendant of its former owner, — gun and man well matched. In that family, as well as in that gun, the stock remains sound.

Repeated encounters took place within the limits of the town. In one, the Indians were driven across the narrows at Assawampsett, by the gallant Capt. Church. In another, they were overpowered in a swamp at "Thomastown." But the danger was too great; the settlement was too weak. If by day the men could guard their families, how could they bear the terrors of the night, when every tree might hide a savage enemy, and every sound seemed like a war-whoop? The people wisely withdrew to Plymouth, having lost but one man, Robert Dawson by name. The remaining houses of the little town were burned. And thus, in the language of that day, "one more candle-stick was removed from the land."

When the war was over, the General Court ordered that Dartmouth and Middleborough should both be built more compactly, so that they might better be defended against the enemy, and so that public worship might be more generally

attended, the neglect of which, as they feared, had contributed to the recent disasters. These two motives for compact building are on a large scale praying and keeping the powder dry. This method of building aided, also, the free schools of New England, which flourish in her villages as they never could have done in scattered settlements like those in other portions of the land.

But the war was not yet over. It raged throughout the colonies. Mendon and Brookfield were attacked. Hadley was saved by the grand old regicide, who came forth from his hiding-place to win one victory more for the cause of the saints. Springfield was in flames. The meadows of Deerfield drank the blood of the "flower of Essex." Even after the great victory at Narragansett fort, Lancaster, Sudbury, and Medfield, were assailed; Marlborough was abandoned; a bloody massacre occurred even in Plymouth; and the disastrous expedition of Capt. Pierce almost decimated the young men of the Old Colony. Not till Capt. Church had tracked King Philip to his last hiding-place in the swamp, where he was slain by an Indian, who thus revenged the death of his own brother, did the land have rest.

And now, how did our fathers endure these horrors and dangers? Alone, on a strip of half reclaimed land upon the edge of a boundless forest, filled with demoniac enemies; outnumbered by these enemies, who surpassed them in skill as marksmen and as warriors; unaided by one dollar, one kind word from the English government, only cheered by a contribution from a few saints in Ireland, (which in the Irish famine was repaid with interest); suspecting, even, that they were betrayed by Sir Edmund Andros, who was supposed to have supplied the Indians with ammunition from a neighboring province, — alone in the presence of visible and invisible dangers, how could they remain? How could they endure to leave their wives and children exposed every night to nameless tortures and outrages? Read the story of Ann Rowlandson's captivity, with her wounded infant, nourished for nine

days on water alone, till on the ninth day "the poor babe died like a lamb." Remember, too, her account of that fellow-captive, who, with her new-born child, was surrounded by a circle of yelling fiends, that dashed out the brains of mother and infant, and thrust the little one into the fire. "The children said she never shed a tear, but prayed all the time,"— with grief too deep for tears, with faith above all human reliance. "What brought them thus afar?" asks Mrs. Hemans. "What kept them here?" we well may ask, when every moment their dear ones were exposed to cruel dangers and more cruel fears.

But the whole story is wonderful. Who laid waste the land, and strewed it with the whitened bones of its inhabitants? Why were those two Indians stolen and instructed in English and returned to their homes? How came Miles Standish among the pilgrims, — a man without a drop of Puritan blood in his veins, — a soldier, who did not join the church, — who could not have voted in Massachusetts Bay, although the more liberal views of Plymouth allowed him to hold office there? Who soothed the savage heart of Massasoit, and sent rain in the day of need?

"We have heard with our ears, oh God; our fathers have told us what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old; how thou didst cast out the people, and plantedst them; how thou didst afflict the people, and cast them out. For they got not the land in possession by their own hand; neither did their own arm save them, but thine arm, and thy right hand, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favor unto them."

Again I answer in the spirit of the pilgrims, but in words which they would not have chosen: "For it was thy will to destroy, by the hands of our fathers, both those old inhabitants of thy holy land, whom thou hatedst for doing most odious works of witchcrafts and wicked sacrifices; and those merciless murderers of children, and devourers of men's flesh,

* * * *that the land which thou esteemest above all other might receive a worthy colony of God's children.*"

Yes, an arm mightier than that of Standish, or of Church, of Winslow or Bradford, of Mason or Willard, guarded the homes of our fathers, and their triumphs were the victories of faith.

And now let me say a word of the conduct of our fathers toward the early settlers. And that word is, that never in the history of colonization was there such forbearance, such honest and kindly dealing, as that which the early settlers exercised toward the natives. Fair purchase of their lands, equal justice in dealing with offenders — three white men executed for the murder of one Indian — faith kept at all hazards, with constant efforts to civilize and christianize, — this was the policy of the Pilgrim Fathers. The names of Eliot, Mayhew, and Norton, suggest anything but harshness in dealing with the savages of New England. Voltaire has said, and even juvenile histories have repeated, that the treaty of William Penn was the first treaty ever made without an oath, and the only one never broken. (He said it not so much because he loved Quakers, but because he hated the name which gives sanction to an oath.) But on the hill beyond Town Brook, in Plymouth, our fathers made a treaty with Massasoit, not confirmed by an oath, and never violated. For not till Massasoit had been laid in his grave was a hostile movement made against the whites by any Indian, who was not either a stranger or a rebel to his jurisdiction.

True it is, that when our fathers were maddened by the horrors of "King Philip's war," their treatment of their captives was such as shocks every feeling of humanity. But even this reproach does not apply to the pilgrim fathers, who had long since passed from earth. And we must remember that while our fathers in America were guilty of selling captives into bondage, they only did to the savages what the King of England did to his own countrymen. Even these outrages upon enemies fall short of those committed at a later

period upon the friendly Indians of eastern Pennsylvania. The East Indian mutiny was followed by more horrible retributions than any which was meted out to the savage murderers of King Philip's time; and even now our own dealings with the Indians of the far west should make us pause before we utterly condemn our fathers. They have been reproached because the body of Philip was barbarously mutilated. Such a mutilation, indeed, shocks our sensibilities; but we may pardon the fugitives from Middleborough if they looked with exultation upon the severed head of their enemy as it was borne through the streets of Plymouth, and thanked God that this scourge of humanity had ceased to afflict the earth.

Although the war still raged with fury along the coasts of Maine, the colony of Plymouth was at peace after the death of Philip, and the exiles were free to return. The growth of the town was rapid, — increased, at one period, by fugitives from the bloody soil of Massachusetts Bay, where the witchcraft delusion had caused a reign of terror, for which men in their ignorance often condemn the pilgrim fathers of Plymouth. Whatever may be urged to excuse that delirium of good men, we love to recall the fact that no witch was ever convicted in Plymouth colony; that whenever complaints were brought before the magistrates the complainant was made to suffer, and that when a Plymouth sea-captain was arrested in Boston, charged with this crime, Plymouth demanded and obtained his liberty. We are proud of the fact, also, that the weaker and gentler colony hanged no Quaker, and dealt gently with the Baptists, and for three years furnished a refuge to the great-hearted Roger Williams.

Your town did its full share in the old French and Indian wars, sending to the war of 1755, among others, Abraham Peirce, who in the revolution was chosen captain of a militia company in place of a tory. When the Lexington summons rang through the land, three companies of minute men marched from this town to Boston. These, and such as these, are the men to whom we owe our independence. Most of you

remember many survivors of that war, prominent among them the last surviving Indian of pure blood. But no Middleborough name is so well known in America as that of Deborah Sampson, who enlisted under the name of Robert Shurtleff and served two years under the flag of freedom.

It is pleasant to dwell among the traditions of olden time, but they are all familiar to your ears. The names of Fuller, Thacher, Conant, Barker, Cotton and Briggs, are still fragrant among the churches of New England. You have read of the minister who was supposed to have waylaid a parishioner that tarried too long at the wine-cup, and to have given him a sound beating near the tavern-door, a circumstance which might cause doubts whether it were better to have a stringent liquor law not enforced, or no law enforced strictly. It is recorded that Rev. Mr. Barker, when called to settle here, requested that the votes of the sisters might be taken,— a record which places him among the pioneers of woman's rights. Still more pleasing is it to hear of those whose great age spans generations, and connects distant periods. That is a wonderful story of Luke Short, who was born about 1630, and who died in 1746. This man in his hundredth year was converted to the Christian faith, while working in his cornfield, by his recollection of a powerful phrase of the famous John Flavel. Such is the power of a word rightly spoken. The speaker dies and is gathered to his fathers; new dynasties succeed each other; new nations are founded; and when generations have passed away, an old man working in the fields of a new world is smitten by that word and falls to the earth, and rises a new creature. This worthy saw Oliver Cromwell, and witnessed the execution of Charles I. Some of your fathers may have seen the man who looked upon that great act of justice.

John Alden, the grandson of the last Mayflower pilgrim, died here at the age of 102, leaving alive 172 descendants, seven being great-great-grandsons. With a few more such citizens, you might have had a city celebration today. Among

the venerable saints of former days was Joanna Paddock, whose father, Elder Faunce, died in 1745, having known many of the early settlers at Plymouth. It is recorded of Mrs. Mercy Bennett that after the great snow of 1717, she being eighteen years old, walked thirteen miles to Plymouth and back that she might attend "meeting on the Lord's day." In one sense she has left few descendants. This excellent woman lived to be a century old, dying in 1799. She often said that she had seen Peregrine White in her house. There may be aged persons here who have seen a lady who entertained the first-born son of the pilgrims.

But I must not linger among these traditions. This is a day sacred not only to local pride, but to pilgrim memories. The glories of your fathers date not from 1669 or 1662. Those fathers met in the cabin of the Mayflower; they knelt upon the sands with Brewster, and joined in his thanksgiving for the frugal fare with which God's people were nourished; they stood by the graves of Governor Carver and of Rose Standish to find not despair, but hope and courage. I love to trace each step of their progress. We see them leaving England in their zeal for their pure form of worship; quitting Holland in their scrupulous devotion to good morals; voluntarily submitting themselves to written law before they left the cabin of the Mayflower; keeping the sabbath holy on that memorable day before the landing at Plymouth; giving the day to rest and worship before the first tree had been cut down for the first log-cabin. What other company of adventurers would so have rested on that day? But those who differ from the pilgrims most widely may see that its hours were not lost. New England gave the first fruits of her time to God. Richly has he showered blessings on her children. Woe to New England if ever she forgets to pay this tithe of time.

The church of the pilgrims was the source of our republican form of government; and the founders of that government were the fathers of the church. It has been repeated

till the remark is commonplace, that the town system is the foundation of our successful democratic rule. Sir Edmund Andros knew this when he forbade town-meetings to do anything but choose officers. The voting of taxes for the poor, for roads, for schools, the open discussion between all citizens as equals, — this was self-government, from which a tyrant shrank with instinctive alarm. We know it, and it is one reason for our interest in a town celebration like this. But the truth is not so familiar, that the church is the foundation of each town. The first church of all came fully organized across the sea. Its earliest records bear date, not Plymouth, 1620, but Leyden, 1612. And as I lay my hand upon those yellow leaves, it seems to me that I am touching the foundations of empire. Yes, the town is the seed of the state; but the church is the germ of that seed, and the very life of that germ was the godly preacher who had left his home that he might feed the exiles in the wilderness.

A self-governing church was the best pattern for a self-governed state. Democracy, in the form of independency, leaped on Plymouth rock, and claimed the western continent as its heritage. Delay must intervene; violence would interpose; but republicanism was assured. It was all there, — town, state, union, the declaration of independence, Bunker Hill, Yorktown, the proclamation of emancipation, Gettysburg, the surrender of Lee, the greater glories yet to dawn upon America — all were decreed when a handful of earnest men stood on the shores of a vacant world and claimed that in the most important affairs of life they had the right to govern themselves.

New England loves her churches more dearly because they have been temples of liberty. She honors liberty more highly because its home and birthplace was the church.

"Then let it live unfading,
The memory of the dead,
Long as the pale anemone
Springs where their tears were shed;

Or raining in the Summer wind,
In flakes of burning red,
The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves
The turf where once they bled."

But the great question to-day is, whether the children have been worthy of their fathers. All around us are proofs of thrift, and comfort, and liberality. A visible blessing rests upon this beautiful village. Your elegant church edifices show that religion is honored among you. The churches themselves have ever been firm in the faith and true to freedom. Your schools, two of them at least, are remarkable even in this land of schools. And for your patriotism, Middleborough points to her well-filled quotas, and to her list of sixty-two martyrs for liberty and union. Lakeville, too, has her list of honored dead, — nine good men and true. And little Halifax is here. Her Light Infantry, together with companies that bear the great names of Carver and Standish, have honored and graced this occasion. It was once the boast of the Halifax Light Infantry, that they received their charter from the hands of John Hancock. It is now their prouder boast, that on the midnight call of John A. Andrew they mustered with full ranks at the dawn of day. Many an Old Colony town shared the glory of that night and day. I dare not say how many towns Capt. Harlow visited to summon his men, but I do dare to say that when the tramp of his horse roused the slumbering villages of Plymouth county, Bradford and Carver, Brewster, Standish and Winslow looked down and rejoiced over the approaching triumph of liberty. With a population of 738, Halifax points to a roll of twenty-two heroic dead, — a record equalled by no town in the state. The descendants of the pilgrims have been true to their ancestors.

Men of Middleborough, you have a goodly heritage, a grand record. It will be your glory to transmit them to your sons unimpaired, improved, ennobled, so that when a hundred years have passed away, your descendants may look back to

you and say, with pride and gratitude, "These men were our fathers."

The oration was listened to with the greatest interest throughout by the large audience that filled the tent, and was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause. At its conclusion, the audience united in singing the one hundredth psalm and the doxology, after which the company adjourned to the dinner tables.

Among those occupying the platform and attracting particular notice, was the Rev. Thomas Williams, of Providence, that venerable man now just entering the ninetieth year of his age.

THE DINNER.

Nearly nine hundred sat down to a bountiful dinner provided by Thomas Cook, of Boston. A blessing was asked by Rev. Mr. Fairbanks, of the Central Baptist church. After about a half hour had been devoted to the dinner itself, the speaking was recommenced. C. D. Kingman was introduced as toast-master, and read as the first sentiment:

Boston — We rejoice in her greatness and prosperity, and we honor those who guide her destiny.

Responded to by Mayor Shurtleff, of Boston, who said:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, — For your kind sentiment, so respectful to the place of my birth, I cannot but be very grateful. Although I am a Bostonian, I have nevertheless the greatest regard for all that pertains to the Old Colony, within whose bounds not only both my parents, but also all my American ancestry had their origin and were reared. Whatever there may be connected with your associations, the same belongs equally to me in common with you; for, whether my blood may be good or bad, I am sure of this, that all of it flows from the veins of the New England forefathers, the first-comers to the Old Colony, of which your town forms a considerable and very important part. Therefore when my mind recurs to the early days of the pilgrim fathers of New England, I cannot but recall the self-sacrificing spirit of that noble body of men who, leaving all that they held dear in the home of their birth, and flying from the tyranny that constrained them in the old country, sought new abodes, where they could worship their God according to their own predilections and the dictates of their own consciences, uninfluenced by dogmas, uncontrolled by blasting hierarchies, and governed only by themselves, guided by their own truth and natural instincts of right for themselves, and of justice, liberality and equity for all other. I am even now forced to go back with them in imagination to their ancient abodes near the joining borders of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire, and there view them in their every-day walk of life, — industrious and frugal, prayerful and painstaking, suffering contumely and reproach for religion's sake, and finally embarking for foreign shores, when abuse and intolerance could be no longer borne. I follow them to their intermediate dwelling-place in Holland, and also pass

with them in their slender vessel over the trackless ocean in the most inclement season of the year, to a new home, the barren fields and the inhospitable natives made anything but inviting to their famishing, sick and dying people.

What, I ask you, were the first thoughts of that people on their arrival on our shores? Prayer for mercies received, and for their deliverance from great dangers; and then compact, — the social compact, written and signed in the cabin of the Mayflower — the first written constitution the world ever knew, — the charter by themselves enacted, which bound to respect others, to govern themselves, and above all things to live a godly life, loving each other, and trusting in the God of their fathers, who also proved to them a good God, delivering them from total destruction and guiding them finally to a home, where they and their descendants should practise those virtues and inculcate those doctrines which should build up the greatest and the freest nation on the earth, a resting-place for the oppressed of all people of all nations, complexions and tongues. Such, I say, were those whom you and I feel proud to-day in calling ancestors. Such were the fathers of this soil, and such, I trust, will always be their descendants.

Middleborough — Well may her citizens be made proud and happy by a comparison of this day, 1869, with the day we celebrate, 1669.

Responded to by John Eddy, Esq., of Providence, a native of Middleborough.

Mr. President, — In responding to your call, I will endeavor to bring my remarks within the limits of a good sermon, which is said to resemble a kiss, each requiring two heads and an application. My first ancestor in the Old Colony was Samuel Eddy, the son of William, who was a nonconformist clergyman of Cranbrook, in the county of Kent, in England. He emigrated, in company with his brother John, in 1629, and arrived at Plymouth in November of that year, having sailed from Boxted in the good brig Harvest. In 1662 he, in company with twenty-five others, purchased of Sachem Wampatuck a large portion of the lands comprised in the old town of Middleborough. Soon after he built one of the first houses ever erected by the whites in Middleborough, on that portion of the lands which fell to him in the division. From that day to the present hour, the Eddy family in the easterly part of the town have resided on those lands so purchased, and can trace back their titles to the aforesaid Sachem. Thus it has been that the name has been closely identified with the history of this grand old town from a period seven years anterior to its birthday as a corporation to the present time. I am also informed by Professor Charles Walter Eddy, of Oxford University, that the English branch of the family have been during all the interim, and are now, in possession of the old estate from which Samuel and John Eddy emigrated in 1629. I think, therefore, it can be safely inferred that in philosophy they were not peripatetics.

Obadiah Eddy, the son of Samuel, was living in his house, situated a few steps in the rear of the present location of the barn of the late Hon. Zechariah Eddy, when Philip's war broke out in 1675. There were then but twenty families in the town, and all of their residences were burnt by the Indians according to his testimony. After the war was over he returned from Plymouth, whither he had fled, and rebuilt his dwelling near where his first one was located. He is said to have planted near his house those two immensely large pear trees, which but recently were in bearing. And I have heard my grandfather say that he had made from the pears of these two trees in one year forty-five barrels of perry, although the pears that grew upon them were scarcely larger than one's thumb.

My grandmothers have figured also in the history of the Old Colony, as the records show. On one occasion Elizabeth, the wife of Samuel, was introduced to the Governor and assistants — by the sheriff — on account of having committed no less an offence than hanging out some linen on the Lord's day. She was fined two shillings, which, however, was graciously remitted for good cause shown. And again she was brought before the Governor and assistants for having travelled from Plymouth to Boston on the Lord's day. It fully appeared in the testimony that a Mrs. Saffin was very ill, and not expecting to recover sent for Elizabeth, anxiously desiring to see her before her death. The Governor (who in those days attended most faithfully to his duties) thought that he saw not a sufficient excuse, but nevertheless contented himself with an admonition.

It was one of my grandmothers, sir, who heard the pigs squealing of a night when her husband was absent from home, and suspecting the cause, took down the old King's arm that hung over the spacious fireplace, and loading it with good judgment, stole out into the darkness, and succeeded in discharging its contents into the breast of one of the largest bears that ever infested this town. If you will compare the heroism of the women of Middleborough two hundred years ago with their daughters now before me, which one of you all have bagged bigger game, or shown a better title to woman's rights?

I fear, sir, that there was a taint of Wall street upon some of my ancestors, on account of their having dabbled in joint stock enterprises; for it is recorded that as early as the year 1632, Samuel Eddy was the owner of four shares in the black heifer. Taking these last two statements into account, you may draw your own conclusions whether in their operations they were bulls or bears.

I might, Mr. President, further illustrate the heroism of my forefathers, but I am admonished that he who boasts of his ancestry thereby acknowledges that the progeny have degenerated. I think, however, you will be compelled to acknowledge that by this recital you have been somewhat *edified*.

When Philip's war was over, Captain Church, who has been eulogized by the orator of the day, was a colonial hero. Of him there are many interesting incidents related by our fathers which ought to be preserved. In his day practical joking was more in vogue than at the present time. On

one occasion he called upon Mr. Sturtevant, the grandfather of the late Dr. George Sturtevant, and as he entered the house he left his trusty musket in the entry. Mr. Sturtevant, entering soon after, recognized the gun as belonging to the Captain, whereupon he drew from it the charge of shot which it contained and went in to chat with the gallant hunter. When he was about leaving, Sturtevant proposed to give him a shot at his flock of turkeys, at a certain distance, for one dollar. The proposition was accepted, the distance paced off, the turkeys congregated, and Church blazed away, but not a feather was disturbed. Church suspected the cause. A year or two after, a similar scene occurred, but the Captain had taken the precaution before entering Sturtevant's house to double-load his musket, and, when he drew bead, thirteen turkeys paid the forfeit, to the great astonishment of Mr. Sturtevant.

There are many good stories and sketches of the lives and customs of our fathers which I hope to see collected; and I venture the assertion that one of the most readable of books could be manufactured out of that remarkable individuality which illustrates the history of our town. Of John Paddock alone, who was a descendant of one of the twenty-six purchasers of Middleborough, a most interesting chapter might be written.

I am admonished, sir, that I am occupying too much time, and I conclude with this sentiment.

Our Mothers — To their heroism, devotion, self-sacrifice and Christian faith and patience are we mostly indebted for the civil and religious privileges and blessings which we enjoy.

The old Ministers of Middleborough — Identified with the people, and serving successive generations, their works do follow them.

Responded to by Rev. C. W. Wood, of Campello, a native of Middleborough.

Mr. President, — The history of any of our New England towns which should omit to notice its ministers, would indeed be very incomplete. Though not many particular acts or traits of character of the early ministers of Middleborough have been preserved, yet these may be quite well understood from what is known of other towns of the Old Colony and the Commonwealth. In early times the morals and customs of society were in a great measure under the guidance of the clergyman. Great respect was paid to his opinions, and almost reverence given to his person. Such provision was made by law for his support, and such enactments passed to give him authority in his office, as to secure to him permanence and independence. Middleborough was incorporated with the proviso that a competency of land be reserved for a minister. It was enacted that every town provide a house for its minister, and that the county court take measures that all deficiencies of salary be supplied. It would seem that so far as temporalities are concerned, the minister of the olden time might pur-

sue his work with comfort and ease. It can be readily imagined how comfortable would be the minister of the present day, if the government would take such good care of him as it once did of his predecessors in office, and would furnish him with a convenient house and a sufficient quantity of land, and would charge the courts to see to it that all deficiencies in ministers' salaries should be supplied.

The law and the customs of society then conceded to the minister a large share of dignity and honor. It was enacted that repeated contempt shown to a regular preacher and his doctrine should be punished by a fine or by the exposure of the offender two hours openly upon a block or stool four feet high upon a public meeting day, wearing upon his breast the words, "An open and obstinate contemner of God's holy ordinances."

Upon the sabbath, after the people had assembled in the house of worship, the minister was waited upon by an officer and escorted to the pulpit, as the sheriff escorts the judge to the court house. As he entered, the congregation arose, and remained standing until he had reached the pulpit and had taken his seat. At the close of the service the same ceremony was observed.

The dress of the clergyman of olden time had a tendency to inspire respect in the minds, especially of young persons. With his broad coat supplied with capacious pockets, with his ample vest reaching nearly to the knees, with his long stockings and high shoes, with his flowing wig and cocked hat, the minister, especially on horseback, was a sight to behold. It is said that a newly arrived son of the Emerald Isle, who had had something to do with the courts of his native land, and stood in mortal fear of the judges, seeing one of these New England ministers approaching, took to his heels, and came running into his house, exclaiming, "The judges are coming. I just saw one of them, with a wig as big as a ship." One, speaking of the dignified appearance of a certain clergyman, said, "He looks like an ambassador of a great King."

The minister, thus honored and revered, exercised great authority in his parish. He interested himself in the welfare of his people in every respect. He saw that schools were properly conducted, that the public house was kept orderly, that industry and thrift were promoted, and that the morals of the people, especially of the young, were guarded. "John," said a preacher from his pulpit in an adjoining town, to a disorderly boy, "Come to my house to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock." And at the appointed hour John appeared at the door of the parsonage to receive a merited reprimand, for neither John nor his parents would fail to respect a command from the minister so publicly given.

A minister in a town not far from this, perplexed by the inattention of his hearers, in the midst of his sermon took his hat and deliberately walked out of the house to his home; nor would he resume his preaching until his people had apologized for their listlessness, and promised better attention in the future.

A preacher in one of our country parishes, in a New Year's sermon having stated that the marriages had been few in number the preceding year,

turned to the young men, to whom seats were assigned in one of the galleries, and exclaimed, "This will never do! Young men, young men! you are expected to do your duty!"

It may perhaps be thought that the clergyman of olden time was always of a sedate and solemn countenance, and ever diffusing an air of gloom about him; but this is a great mistake. No class of persons were of a more cheerful spirit; none met their friends with a more genial face, or enjoyed more heartily social life. Many of them interested themselves in the amusements of the people, and believed in muscular Christianity as fully as any of the present day. It is said that in a town not far from this, wrestling was a very common amusement. Upon the ordination of a new minister, many of the people were very desirous to have the question settled whether the minister or the doctor would come out the better in a wrestling-match. They were requested to settle the championship on the village green, but the modesty of the minister induced him to decline such a public exhibition. He however took occasion to invite the doctor to ride with him, and when they reached a retired place where a few persons, who had an inkling of what was going on, had met, proposed that then and there the matter be decided. The result was, as the story goes, that the doctor was thrown and put over the fence, to the great satisfaction of the minister's friends. It is told of one of the distinguished ministers of New England, and who has been falsely represented as possessing a very stern and forbidding temper, that in fact he was of such a mild and gentle spirit that the insane were often sent, at their own request, to reside with him, and were very much relieved by his sagacity and gentleness.

The ministers of the olden time exerted a great influence upon the intellectual character of the people, from the interest they ever took in the cause of education. Through the efforts of a single clergyman in a retired part of Massachusetts, thirty youth of his parish were trained for professional life. In one of our smallest towns about one hundred students were prepared for college in the minister's study. Another pastor fitted for college about the same number, among whom were some of the most distinguished men of our country. Another pastor saw, out of one hundred and sixty-two of his scholars, thirty entering the learned professions. These are but illustrations of the influence which has gone forth from the pastor's study of New England.

The minister of the olden time was distinguished for his patriotism. The patriotic eloquence of Patrick Henry is to be largely attributed to the eloquent preacher he was accustomed to hear in his early days. It is admitted that in the war of the revolution it was very much through the influence of the clergy that men were made valiant in resisting encroachments upon the rights of man. To them is to be attributed, in a great measure, its commencement and its happy termination.

A recruiting officer came into one of our towns, and having labored with no success to raise volunteers, asked the minister what more could be done. The pastor appointed a meeting on sabbath evening, and preached from the text, "Cursed be he that withholdeth his sword from blood." Before the

assembly retired to their homes, forty persons gave in their names as volunteers.

The historian of Pittsfield says that the sermons of the minister were among the chief instruments in giving the town that proud position which it holds in revolutionary story. When the alarm was given of Burgoyne's approach, and volunteers started hastily for action, the minister was with them riding in his old sulky, "going to war in his chariot, like the heroes of classic and scriptural story," and when the battle commenced he not only stimulated the soldiers by his words, but took the musket, and by their side did what he could to gain for them victory.

So marked were the efforts of the clergy in the early struggles for independence, that legislative bodies and others in authority publicly acknowledged the obligations of the country to the ministers as friends of liberty. As we remember the fathers to-day, we will not forget the minister of early times, to whose wisdom, learning and piety we owe so much. They labored, and we have entered into their labors.

Our Pilgrim Fathers — With the gospel in their hearts, with the sword in one hand and the spade in the other, they planted institutions which have ever borne blessings to their descendants.

Responded to by Gen. E. W. Pierce, of Freetown, who, as he had not anticipated being called upon, said, as he arose, that his feelings were like those of the boy who, at the school exhibition, could not answer the question proposed to him by the examining committee, and with an air of injured innocence replied, that was not the question of the lesson that he had learned or prepared himself to answer. He said that history showed conclusively that the pilgrim fathers devoted a great deal of their time to preaching, praying, *and* fighting; and although in many things he was not a great admirer of the pilgrim fathers, believing them to have had faults, — but these faults were of the age in which they lived rather than their faults as a people. Yet they had virtues, many virtues worthy of commendation; and among these was, that they honestly believed that they were doing right, even when practising their most egregious errors. He was glad that all of the pilgrim spirit had not fled, as we have most ample proof afforded us here to-day; and said that not only much of their spirit remained, but many of their customs continue to be practiced, customs that with them arose from an exigency that has long since ceased to exist, it being that manner of seating a religious congregation with the men and boys next the pew door or entrance of the seat, pew or slip, that

grew out of their necessity for being always ready to act on the defensive against the hostile Indian. Those were the days when the words of the hymn, "Oh watch, and fight, and pray," were big with practical meaning.

> "Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,—
> Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke.
> How jocund did they drive their team a-field;
> How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke."

Of the many happy gatherings, pleasant seasons and joyful occasions in which it has been the fortune of the people of Middleborough and her children to participate, to us it has been reserved to join in the festivity of its bi-centennial celebration; and now in my mind's eye I am carried back to one of these, viz., that, when the people of this time-honored town were assembled to offer thanksgiving and praise for a mighty deliverance the country had just received from the yoke of Great Britian, and celebrate the crowning glory of the success of their arms on the battlefield at Yorktown, Virginia. The speaker then drew from his pocket a smoky and tattered paper, being an original letter, and read as follows:

LETTER ADDRESSED TO COL. JOHN NELSON, MIDDLEBOROUGH.

MIDDLEBOROUGH, 17 Novem., 1781.

DEAR COLO.: Last Thursday's paper gave us an account from His Excellency, Gen'l Washington, and Congress, of the complete surrender of Cornwallis and the troops under his command; a long wished for period. Now we have no reason to doubt or suspect it. In consequence of which this is to desire you to come next Monday afternoon and see us, that we may join our generous hearts in festival of triumph and joy, while we usher in the scene with the crack of thirteen guns to the honor of the states, and give a toast to our worthy brethren who have with such a becoming ardor pressed forward with undaunted bravery, till they have completed the glorious work whereby peace may not only be restored to us, but extended from pole to pole. At the same time let all the glory be given to that Omnipotent Being who crowns our arms with such signal success.

Be kind enough to take Doctor Mont'y and Capt. Shaw, or any others you may please to nominate, with you, by which means we shall make the listening groves and murmuring rivulets, and the rebounding echoes of the neighboring villages, join to propagate the din. By this we shall show to the world we have yet in our breasts hearts of free men that will disdain to let the brave exploits of our noble sons sink down in everlasting forgetfulness, and buried in oblivion unnoticed. By this we shall show that the arms of America have prospered, and will prosper, and that we mean to

brand with everlasting infamy those who dare oppose us on our way, and thus insult the gods with infidelity.

I am, in haste, with sentiments of esteem,

Yours obsequiously,

JAMES SPROAT.

The speaker closed with the sentiment, —

The honored and honorable memory of that people whose God is the Lord.

The Pilgrim Mothers — By their power at the old hearthstones, for virtue, for liberty and for heaven, they still live, the true exemplars of woman's rights.

The president here said, I extend a cordial invitation to any lady present who may choose to respond to this sentiment. No one rising, he called on Judge Russell, who spoke substantially as follows:

Mr. President, — I hoped that some good daughter of Middleborough would have responded to that sentiment; but I am proud to be a substitute in such a cause, and I have only to say that the right of woman to encounter danger and to bear suffering for truth was never questioned. When in the course of a few years our conservative objections have all been overborne; when the rampant radicalism of a reckless age shall have decided that the most intelligent and best educated women in America may be trusted to vote as well as the stranger ignorant of our laws, our customs and our language, just dumped upon the wharf at New York, and claiming citizenship on the strength of a forged naturalization paper, — even then woman will have not attained a power so grand as has been accorded to her in the earliest ages. De Quincy, writing of Joan of Arc, doubts (heretic that he is) whether woman has the power to write like Shakspeare, or compose like Mozart, inquiring (sophist as he is) why, if she can, she never has done so. But he admits that she can do one thing more grandly than man. Her prerogative is to suffer nobly. From the Roman amphitheatre and the Roman catacombs; from the fires of Smithfield; from the rock of Plymouth, the spirits of martyred women have borne witness to the truth, and have shown the strength of woman's faith. Their example has taught the race; their inspiration has elevated our laws; they have ennobled the life of the world. The mothers and daughters among those whom we commemorate to-day shared amply the grand privilege of women. But the noblest and grandest illustration of woman's right to suffer was shown to the world when Mary stood beside the cross.

The Grand Army of the Republic — Historic with the memory of many a victory and disaster in defence of our common country, bound together by

brotherly ties to protect and sustain the families of their fallen comrades; we venerate the dead, we love to honor the living.

Responded to by A. T. Wales, of Middleborough.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I feel that it is presumptuous in me to attempt to respond to this sentiment, and especially when I look around upon my comrades here and see some who bear upon their persons the scars of that conflict which resulted in the salvation of the nation, and others who held positions of rank in that gallant army of the union, any of whom could more fittingly respond for the Grand Army of the Republic. But since it has fallen upon me to stand in this position, I suppose I must say "the fates are just," and as a good soldier I must not refuse to do my duty.

Coming together, my friends, to-day, to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the town's incorporation, and looking back to the early days of our colonial history, when these foundation principles of government and society were planted here, although the seed was small we cannot fail to follow its growth in each successive stage, and witness the effect of those first principles in carrying us safely through the crisis of each generation, from 1669 to 1869. The determined, unflinching support of these principles which on this continent created a new era in human affairs, had caused many a conflict in the legislation and government of the country, until at last, when victory after victory had perched upon its banner, its antagonistic principle in our government, resolving to rule or ruin, resorted to a conflict of arms, and when the tocsin of war was sounded, when open rebellion was stalking through the land, the same self-sacrificing devotion to principle was exhibited which sustained the pilgrims of Plymouth in their attempt to plant fair freedom's tree upon our sterile coast, which nerved their arms to defend themselves against a savage foe, and at a later day was exhibited by their descendants in spurning the aggressions and encroachments of the mother country until, appealing to the supreme judge of the world for the rectitude of their intentions, they struck for and achieved the independence of the nation.

The same spirit which was manifested by our ancestors in those early days of trial was again exhibited in 1861, when, regardless of all personal considerations, the loyal armies of the union rallied to save the nation's life. On an occasion like this it is needless to recount the victories and disasters of that great contest; its glorious achievements have passed into history, and coming generations will shower benedictions upon the memory of those who participated in that contest, as long as the flag of the United States of America floats upon the breeze.

When the great conflict of arms was ended, and the citizen soldier returned again to the civil pursuits of life, the Grand Army of the Republic was called into existence. In its ranks are the survivors of every battle-field of the rebellion. Here comrade greets comrade with a hearty, fraternal brotherly affection, mutually resolving to perpetuate and cherish the memory of those who gave up their lives as martyrs for their country's

cause, and also to become the guardian and protector of those families who sacrificed a father, husband, son or brother on the altar of their country. By the memory of our dead comrades we consecrate ourselves to that loyalty which was their inspiration, and by upholding the flag of our country we shall see to it that they did not die in vain. The influence to be exerted by this organization is powerful; numbering about four hundred thousand members, it extends to every section of the land.

Comrades in a common cause, tried in the school of battle, coming together in a fraternal brotherhood, with charity for the deserving and destitute by their example in the past and pledge for the future, proclaiming devoted loyalty to the country, our organization cannot fail to sustain and extend the vital principles of free government; and when the last gray haired veteran comrade shall have passed away from earth, coming generations will not forget the noble virtues of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The Masonic Fraternity — The oldest and most widespread society founded by man; with faith, hope and charity for its corner stones, may it stand forever.

Responded to by I. H. Harlow, of Middleborough.

Enoch Pratt, of Baltimore — By his interest and liberality in the cause of education in his native town, he merits and receives the esteem of all her citizens.

Responded to by Zebulon Pratt, Esq., of Middleborough.

An honor to this town; let not the town forget this day to honor him. He is not here present, but his works are with us, and deeds speak louder than words. He early went out from us, and will probably never again be an inhabitant of Middleborough; but he will never be, as many are, unmindful of the home that gave him birth. He has been a successful model merchant, a notable example of what energy, industry and integrity may accomplish. In the exercise of these virtues, the iron interest of Pennsylvania has made him a millionaire. With the most limited advantages in youth, attending school but a few weeks in a year, at fourteen entering upon an apprenticeship with a Boston merchant, and continuing faithful therein for five years, he began business for himself while yet in his minority, and for forty years has been constructing not only a fortune, but an honorable reputation. We pay him special honor to-day for his liberal benefactions in behalf of his native town, particularly as the liberal patron of education; for while under small obligations for an education to the fathers of this town, he has laid enlarged foundations for the mental culture and improvement of their children in all coming time, and generously encourages the hope of still further benefactions. In doing this he has not only benefitted one portion of the town with an excellent English school, but has thereby

lightened the burdens of all the town, whose prosperity in every part he prizes as the soil of his parentage. It is undoubtedly the desire of this bicentennial assemblage in the town of Middleborough, October, 1869, that the name of Enoch Pratt have honorable mention, and that he receive from us the assurance of our thankful and respectful appreciation.

The Old Colony — The fairest piece in the wheel of state; how wide an empire acknowledges the sway of her principles.

Responded to by J. Z. T. Thompson, Esq., of Halifax.

Our Country — North, South, East and West; the land of the free, the home of the brave.

Responded to by Rev. W. H. Alden, of Portsmouth, N. H., a native of Middleborough.

Mr. President, — Just as the procession was being formed this morning, an old friend said to me that I should be called upon to respond to a sentiment that would be given on this occasion. As I have listened with the deepest interest to the sentiments offered and the responses given, I have felt something as I did in my college days, when in the recitation room with imperfect preparation, "I hoped I should not be called upon." But this is an occasion on which personal feeling must yield to a higher sense of duty, and every son who has been invited to the home and the scenes of his childhood, should hold himself in readiness to contribute his portion whenever called upon, even though it should prove little else than the widow's mite.

Laying aside, then, the cares of business and the anxieties of professional life, and those rivalries and contentions which embitter so much of the brief period of our fleeting lives, it is good for us on this two hundredth anniversary, to come up to this cherished spot, with sentiments of love and gratitude, to renew the recollections of our earlier days, to cultivate that sympathy for each other which will lead us in the bond of brotherhood, and encourage us in the pursuit of whatsoever things are lovely and of good report. It is indeed a delightful privilege to return to the home of my boyhood at this season of her jubilee, to pay her the homage of filial gratitude, and in our fraternal communion to bring back to the heart something of the freshness and warmth of early affection. It is good for us that we should come up to this great festival, not only for the soul-swelling gratification which it affords, but for a still nobler purpose — to awaken a sense of our obligations and to rekindle at this altar the fire of devotion to our common parent, this dear old town.

Sir, it is with an honest pride that I stand here to-day. I am proud of my old home. I have lived where men talk proudly of the Empire State, and of the old Granite State; but the name of old Massachusetts has a charm stronger for me than the Empire or the Granite State. My own

native home is dear to me, and I feel to exclaim in reference to the place of my nativity, "If I forget thee let my right hand forget its cunning." And I should be ashamed if there were a drop of blood in my veins that refused to answer such a welcome as yours. It has made me feel that I was at home again, — a home that I honor, a home that I love, a home that I have never forgotten, and which I now know has never forgotten me. It is emphatically "the home of the brave."

We went out from our home one by one, we return to-day an army with banners. We went out with trembling hearts, we return to-day bringing our sheaves with us; but we went out children, and as children we return. True, it may be hard for you to find a trace in the men before you of the boys that left you years ago; but I trust you will pardon us for not remembering the changes you so plainly see. We stand on our native soil again; old faces meet us in the street, old voices are sounding in our ears, the child's heart beats within the man's, and with the affection that we left you we meet you to-day.

But as we come around your generous board, we remember those who went out with us, and are now gone beyond welcome or return. Nor can we forget that of the hands that last pressed ours, and the hearts that would have beat quickest at our return, many are beneath that sod which we left with the waving grass upon it, and come back to find it hallowed and consecrated ground. For such memories, which it were idle to banish from our lips, and utterly impossible to banish from our hearts, sir, we thank you. For the kindness which we have enjoyed to-day we are more than thankful. We shall remember it to the last day of our lives.

The Educational Institutions of Middleborough — Founded by the wisdom and liberality of her own honored citizens, they have yielded invaluable fruit.

Responded to in the following remarks by Prof. J. W. P. Jenks, for twenty-seven years Principal of Peirce Academy.

Mr. President, — I rise simply to allude to two individuals, whose names should of all others be honorably mentioned in connection with the sentiment that has just been read. Sixty-one years ago, in 1808, when there was no place for public religious service in this village, Dea. Levi Peirce built at his own expense the original building of the Academy that bears his name, and dedicating the hall to the service of religion, and the other rooms to education, thus met by his timely liberality the immediate wants of the community in these particulars. Twenty years later he likewise erected at his own expense, in the same enclosure, a sanctuary for public worship; thus acknowledging and perpetuating the sentiment and practice so dear to our forefathers, and already so eloquently commented upon by the orator of the day, "The church and school side by side, the hope of the state." The snows of nearly a quarter of a century have whitened his

grave in yonder cemetery, but the recollection of him is fragrant in all our memories, and must so remain while Peirce Academy and the Central Baptist church have an existence.

But, Mr. President, as I look from beneath this canopy and see waving in the breeze on the cupola of the Academy the "stars and stripes," so dear to every loyal American citizen, I am reminded of one who was proud to speak of Peirce Academy as *his* Alma Mater. Brig. Gen. R. A. Peirce, soon after graduating from the Academy, was admitted to the bar, quickly sent to the hall of legislation, and early found in the van of our volunteers in the great rebellion. We next find him in command of our largest state camp at Readville, where his executive ability shone out so conspicuously that our worthy Governor retained him in that position till the close of the war, to the great advantage of our military record, but to the destruction of his own health. Seeking in vain its restoration by a residence in Florida, he returned but a few months ago to be laid in the tomb. In the darkest days of the rebellion, that beautiful banner was presented by him to the Academy, and first flung to the breeze on the funeral day of our lamented President.

In closing permit me, sir, to repeat the names of Dea. Levi Peirce and Gen. R. A. Peirce as worthy to be mentioned in this presence; the one verifying the assertion in the first part of the sentiment to which I have the honor to respond, as "founder in wisdom and liberality" of our principal educational institution; the other equally verifying the asssertion in the latter part of the sentiment, as *one of* its "invaluable fruits" among thousands now adorning the pulpit, the bar and the workshop.

The old Thompson Gun — By one single deed it won historic fame for all time.

Ephraim B. Thompson being called upon, exhibited the gun, also a sword and brass pistols, formerly owned by Lieut. John Thompson, and responded as follows:

Mr. President, — With a ball cartridge, the response of this gun would be with as deadly effect and at as long a range to-day as when it brought down the Indian from yonder rock. But in the absence of ammunition, permit me to say that I am the sixth generation in lineal descent from John Thompson, who was born in the North of England in 1613, and landed at Plymouth in May, 1635. He married Mary Cook, third daughter of Francis Cook. They had twelve children — six sons and six daughters. He located about twenty rods west of the Plymouth line, in what was then Middleborough, (but now Halifax,) where he built a log-house, which was burnt by the Indians at the commencement of Philip's war. The day previous, he was absent from home. When he returned at night he inquired of his wife if she had seen any Indians. She replied that there had been a number of squaws there, and they were uncommonly friendly, and very helpful, — went with her to the garden and assisted in picking beans. He replied, "There is *trouble ahead;*

we must pack up immediately, and go to the garrison." The teams were put in readiness and a portion of their furniture and goods were loaded, while a part was secreted in a swamp near the dwelling-house; and before early dawn they were moving. They had not gone many miles before the column of smoke made sure to them the fate of their dwelling.

At the garrison, those capable of bearing arms; sixteen in number, met and chose John Thompson their commander. He applied to the Governor and Council at Plymouth for a commission, but considering the small number of men, they gave him a lieutenant's commission. Soon after Philip's war closed, he built a frame house a few rods north of where the former was burnt. It was lined with brick, with loop-holes, so as to be proof against musket balls. At that house I first beheld the pleasant light of day, was there cradled and rocked.

The Woods of Middleborough — Fit timber with which to build the institutions of any town.

This was the last toast, and was responded to by Judge Wood; and after instrumental music the crowd, which numbered about 3000 in and around the tent, dispersed. The speeches were interspersed with fine music by the various bands present.

The following letter was received from Thomas D. Robinson, Esq., of New York:

Box 4300, New York City, Oct. 12, 1869.

Dear Sir: While duties prevent my joining with you in the festivities that worthily do honor to our good old town, so historic and full of memories so dear, still I send you the greeting of a loyal son on this festive day. Glorious old Middleborough! with never a hill-top, river or vale, but rings out merry chimes for my ear, and land and lake worthy of the highest minstrelsy and any song; I confess I love them all with a child's fondness. And well may we be proud of her. She boasts justly a good sized farm, which she has not only well tilled, but dotted here and there in almost every available corner with the academy or school-house, bringing to every door rare opportunities of culture, which have been used by her children not only to spread their fame, but hers. You are marked more than most for thrift, energy and enterprise, and these are all worthy of the highest praise; but never in these forget, nor let your children, that culture after religious faith is the crowning glory of any land and any people. I add a sentiment.

Old Middleborough — Her children congratulate her on showing so few signs of decay in her old age. They give her their warmest love. May she in turn, like the old Roman matron, be ever able to point to her sons and daughters as her richest jewels.

Hastily, but faithfully yours,

THOMAS D. ROBINSON.

George Soule, Esq.,

Chairman Executive Committee town of Middleborough, Mass.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

EXTRACT FROM THE OLD COLONY RECORDS, UNDER DATE OF JUNE 1, 1669, PRENCE GOVERNOR.

"At this court the court granted that Namassakett shall be a township, and to be called by the name of Middleberry, and bounded with Plymouth bounds on the easterly side, and with the bound of Taunton on the westerly side, and with the bounds of Bridgewater on the northerly side or end, and on the southerly side or end to extend six miles from the wading-place, and at the end of said six miles to run east to Plymouth line, and from the said line west to Taunton line; and in case the west line runs to the southward of Taunton line, then to run until we come up to the southermost part of Taunton bounds, and then square off north to it."

The wading-place was where the bridge on the Plymouth road now crosses the Nemasket river at the "Star Mills." In 1734 a portion of Middleborough was set off to constitute a part of Halifax, and in 1853 about one third of its territory was set off to form the town of Lakeville. For many years previous to the last date, it was the largest town in the state, containing nearly one hundred square miles.

RESETTLEMENT OF THE TOWN.

At a meeting of the inhabitants and proprietors of Middleborough, held at Plymouth 27th June, 1677, it was

Voted, "That we do unanimously agree, by the permission of God and by his gracious assistance, to make a beginning again in order unto the repossession of our lands, and reedification of our demolished buildings and habitations which some of us were, before the late and sad war, in actual improvement and possession of; and to make such orders and conclusions as may hopefully have a tendency unto the laying a foundation of a town and pious society in that place."

BEN. SIMONS.

Ben. Simons lived at Betty's Neck, now in Lakeville, to which place the Indians of Middleborough gradually retreated, as they sold their lands and became small in number. In the Plymouth Colony Records we find that

Tispaquin conveyed a neck of land to Assowetough, alias Betty, in 1673, with the consent of all the chief men of Assowamset. This we suppose to be Betty's Neck, and hence the name. In the cemetery in the westerly part of Lakeville is a small granite obelisk, with the following inscription: "In memory of Ben. Simons, the last male of the native Indians of Middleborough. He was a revolutionary soldier. Died May, 1831, aged 80 years." This stone was erected by Mr. Levi Reed, of Lakeville.

THE MORTON HOUSE.

This we suppose to be the oldest house in the county. According to the tradition in the family, John Morton, the son of George, (who came over in the Ann in 1623,) early came to Nemasket, and built a house about half a mile south of the present house. This was accidentally burnt while the family were at meeting on Sunday. John Morton then, some years before Philip's war, built the southeast part of the present house, additions to which were made at different times by his descendants. This tradition is confirmed by the fact, that Mr. Daniel Alden, a man whose veracity and accuracy of recollection no one can doubt, a descendant of John Alden, states that he has often heard him say, that the Morton house was built before Philip's war, and was saved on account of some friendly acts done by the Morton family to the Indians. John Alden died in the year 1818, in the one hundred and third year of his age; consequently his recollection must have gone back to a period when the house was comparatively new. If this tradition is correct, inasmuch as the town was deserted two or more years, and given up to ravage, it brings to view a remarkable instance of that Indian trait of character which has been often noticed, viz., a disposition to remember and reciprocate acts of kindness long after they were received.

According to another account, John Morton came to Nemasket not until 1670, built the first house near the river, and died in 1673. That house was burned in Philip's war, with all the others here, and after the war, his son John returned and commenced the present Morton house. The site of the first house can be readily identified. The Morton house is of rectangular shape, about 60 feet in length and 30 wide, two stories, gambrel roof, standing upon an open green without trees or shrubbery, end toward the street, into which it considerably projects, — or rather the street has encroached upon *its* domains, as the house was here long before the present highway. It is now soon to disappear. The present owner, Albert G. Pickens, who with his aged mother is the last occupant, has just built a beautiful and commodious house on the same estate, a few rods distant, and now vacates the old one, which is to be demolished, the highway having been laid out directly through it. The house has always remained in the Morton family by direct descent.

The Morton family was one of great influence and social consideration. John Morton was the first delegate to represent Middleborough in the general court at Plymouth in 1670. In 1672 he was again chosen. John Mor-

ton, the second, held very extensive tracts of land in all directions around his house, and made large additions to the dwelling-house. Madam Morton, who occupied the house about the middle of the last century, was a woman distinguished for her piety and social influence. She was a member of the First Congregational church, to which she presented a communion service of plate, a portion of which is still in the possession of the church. She was noted also for her hospitality, her latch-string being always out. Clergymen were always especially welcome. On one occasion it is related that two clergymen calling about dinner-time, for whom she had not time to make special provision, she spread before them what she had, remarking by way of apology, "Gentlemen, if you are good Christians you will be thankful for this; if you are not, it is too good for you."

Mrs. Phebe Oliver, the widow of Andrew Oliver, who was a son of Judge Oliver, resided here at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century. She was a woman of great dignity and elegance of manner, and of much cultivation, which she had derived from intercourse with the best society which the country afforded. Judge Oliver had an elegant residence at Middleborough at the time of the revolution. Being of tory proclivities, holding office under the crown, he became a refugee, and his estate was confiscated. His son's widow was residing with him at that time. She then came with a son and daughter and occupied a portion of the Morton house, she having inherited a right in it, being a descendant of the Morton family. Her daughter afterwards married the distinguished Dr. Waterhouse, of Cambridge. There are many now living who recollect with how much pleasure, when children, they used to call on Lady Oliver, and hear her recount the incidents of her life. She would tell anecdotes of Benjamin Franklin, Gen. Lafayette, the elder and younger Adams, Gov. Bowdoin, Hannah Adams; all of which she gathered from personal intercourse with those celebrated characters. There is a lady now living who remembers seeing the coach and four of Granville Temple, son of Sir John Temple, standing at the Morton house, with colored driver and footman. He was related by marriage to the Morton family. Mrs. Oliver died at an advanced age, in 1831.

JOHN SASSOMAN, ALIAS SAUSSOMAN.

John Sassoman owned land in Middleborough at Assowampset Neck. Old Tispaquin conveyed twenty-seven acres to him for a home lot, in 1673. After Sassoman's death, the court at Plymouth granted all his lands to Felix, his son-in-law. This was in 1678-9.

DEBORAH SAMPSON.

Deborah Sampson, born in Middleborough, enlisted from that town in the revolutionary war, under the assumed name of Robert Shurtleff. After the war she returned to Middleborough. She was a revolutionary pensioner for many years.

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